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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 15, No. 35. RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883. WHOLE No. 763.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY

S. D. HARRIS & SON!

TERMS:

Per year, in advance,.....$1 50
If not paid in advance,.....2 00
Six months, in advance,..... 75

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna, Ohio as Second Class matter.

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County Auditor—Lestrand Olin, Ravenna.
County Treasurer—Nathan H. Smith, Ravenna.
Sheriff—William Wilcox, Ravenna.
Recorder—Philo Bierce, Ravenna.
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Coroner—Alfred H. Barlow, Rootstown, O.
School Examiners—O. F. Haymaker, Farirville; D. D. Pickett, Ravenna; John Mehaffy, Ravenna

ors of Incorporated Villages.

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SOCIETIES.

Unity Lodge, No. 12, F. and A. M.
Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Tyrian Chapter, No. 91, R. A. M.
Meets the third Monday of each month, in Masonic Hall, Phenix Block.
M. H. CARTER, M. E. H. P.

Royal Arcanum.
Meets first and third Fridays of every month, in Hall in Opera Block.
GIDEON SEYMOUR, Regent.
C. H. GRIFFIN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Ravenna Lodge, No. 65.
Meets every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Ravenna Encampment, No. 139,
Meets every 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month.

Equity Lodge—No. 47, A. O. U. W.
Meets second and fourth Fridays of every month at Hall in Opera Block.
J. DILLEMUTH, M. W.
H. LOSBORN, Recorder.

CHURCHES.

UNIVERSALIST—Rev. ANDREW WILSON Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:5 p. m. Pastor's residence on Diamond street, first door north of Main.

CONGREGATIONAL—REV. A. M. HILLS Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:00.

M. E. DIST.—REV. R. M. FRESHWATER, M. A. Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:00.

DISCIPLES—REV. M. L. PRATOR, Pastor Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—CATHOLIC—REV. JOS. D. BOWLES Pastor. Services at 8 and 10:30 each alternate Sunday. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. High Mass, Sunday, July 4, and each alternate Sunday thereafter. Mass every week day morning at 7:30.

GRACE CHURCH—EPISCOPAL—Cedar St. Rev. J. W. GILMAN, Rector Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and Sabbath School immediately after service. Evening Service at the usual hour.

OAKWOOD CHAPEL—Oakwood street Rev. D. W. Burdick Pastor. Services Sunday evening at 7:30. Union Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m. each Sunday.

Business Cards.

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STUART & ROCKWELL,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Ravenna, Ohio Offices in Poe Building, nearly opposite the Etna House and Court House.

MISS L. C. JACKSON,
MILLINERY GOODS of all kinds, Opera Block, Ravenna, O.

A. N. FARR,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, O. Office in Phenix Block, over Richardson's Hardware store. 719-tf

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German. Office over Belding & Armstrong's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

I. H. PHELPS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Frazer's Building, West Main St., Ravenna, Ohio.

J. D. HORTON.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank.
May 6, 1869. 36-1y.

F. E. HUTCHINS. W. B. THOMAS.
HUTCHINS & THOMAS,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. Mr. Hutchins will attend at all terms of the Common Pleas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-1y.

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Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio 479

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Oct. 15, 1868. 17.

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Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Brainerd & Son's Drug Store.
November 20, 1872. 229-tf.

ROCKWELL & NORRIS,
Attorneys at Law and Notary Public. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio
Dec. 10, 1878. 1y.

O. P. SPERRA,
Attorney at Law. Office in Wheeler's Building, Main St., Ravenna. 550

C. D. INGELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Office in over Mrs. Smith's Millinery Store Mantua Station, Ohio. 542-tf.

E. W. MAXSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio.

J. WAGGONER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Office East end of Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.
March 27th, 1872 187-tf.

C. L. BELDEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office in Empire Building; Residence on King street, first door south of Main.
Ravenna, May 24, 1876. 404-y*

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
SHALERSVILLE, OHIO.
Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
Office, one door East of Shalersville Exchange Hotel. 418-1y

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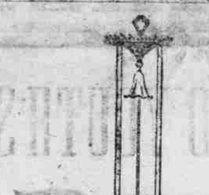
DENTIST. Office over First National Bank Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

F. R. MORATH, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office in Empire Block, where he may be found at all hours of day or night, except when absent on professional business. 719

W. W. WHITE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. OFFICE, East end of Phenix Block, up stairs, Ravenna, O. Residence, on Pratt Street, west side, first house south of Main. 710-6m*



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[Established ten years]
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FURNITURE!
Crockery, China,
Silver Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Lamps,
of Rogers Brothers, and other standard makes
And Gift Novelties
Standard Goods, Lowest Prices
No. 8, Phenix Block,
RAVENNA, O.

All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms. Considerate Attention Guaranteed.

NEW
Shoe Store!
Don't fail to call and examine the new stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS!
Which will be SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.
We are now receiving a good assortment of
Slippers for the Holidays!
LADIES' FLANNEL LINED SHOES AND SLIPPERS,
MEN'S WARM BOOTS,
WARM OVERSHOES, for Men, Women and Children,
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Also, a new invoice of MEN'S AND BOYS' HAND MADE BOOTS that are WARRANTED TO STAND, and SOLD CHEAP.
☞ Don't ask for credit.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.
W. F. TOWNS,
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W. L POE
Wishes to call the attention of the people of Portage County to his full stock of fresh and desirable Groceries and Provisions, located on north side of Public square in room formerly occupied by Peter Flath. He intends to keep constantly on hand a full supply of Goods in his line, and
Will Sell at Bottom Prices
For Cash or Produce.
Fine Stock of
SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, SYRUP, CANNED FRUITS, LEMONS, ORANGES, CANDIES, NUTS, &c,
Pork, Hams, Dried Beef, Salt Fish, Wooden Wares, Brooms.
Headquarters for all the LEADING BRANDS OF FLOUR!
SALT, LIME, PLASTER, &c,
A general invitation to everybody to call in, examine Goods, and get prices.
☞ Goods delivered to any part of the city.
717-13 WM. L. POE

Machine AND Repair
WORKS!
Prospect Street, Ravenna, O.
JOHN F. BYERS
Will pay special attention to the Repairing of
STEAM ENGINES,
and all kinds of machinery.
Has on hand seven
NEW STEAM ENGINES,
From two to six horse power, of his own manufacture, suitable for Cheese Factories, and other light work, which will be put in for parties desiring, on reasonable terms.
All work promptly attended to at reasonable prices.
JOHN F. BYERS
Ravenna, March 1, 1883. 758

Teachers' Examinations.

Examinations of Teachers will be held at the Union School House in Ravenna, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. and closing at 4 o'clock P. M on the following SATURDAYS, to-wit:

March 31 and 17, 1883.
April 7th and 21st, 1883.
May 5th, 1883

Besides the branches hitherto required by law, Teachers hereafter will be examined in United States History. Teachers now holding certificates must be examined in U. S. History and have their standing in that branch added to their certificates, to make them valid after September 1, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—No certificate will be antedated

D. D. PICKETT,
Clerk of Board.

AUGUSTUS S COLE,
ABSTRACTOR.
Office with W. B. Thomas, in Empire Building, Ravenna, Ohio. 736-1y

A Memory of a Morning-Ride.

Under gray dusk, softening with Dawn's white breath,
We, leaving the drowsily-waking town,
Began the ascent of the sloping bluffs
Which rolled their stairlike circles higher round—
Thus, in fair forms amphitheatral,
Scaling a Cyclopean of the Gods.

We to the north watched the slow coming day
From the Southward—For 'twas September time—
And a white, fevered mantle lay o'er all
The bleaching fields and tingeing forest-lines.
The sky's clear arch became a grand rollex,
Which caught a thousand shifting hues as one,

And flushed them o'er the curling, foam-like wreaths
That, floating, rose from ev'ry cleft and glen.
As the far East grew deep, and golden flames
Send their deep messengers adown the heights,
The vale beneath, and its wide-gleaming pit,
Filled with waving clouds of incense light.

Methought that unseen deities of Earth
Were sending praises forth from rocky caves;
Tuning the altars hewn by Nature's hands,
Were kindled fires invisible full oft,
And happy spirits of the dreaming lakes
And forest-realms rode Heavenward at morn.

Up the last, long tier, 'neath the crowding oaks
Whose low-hung boughs made close the narrow way,
And showered a chilly spray of scintillant frost
Against our faces at each sudden brush;
Dashing through long, cold shadows, dense and cold;
Then forth again to cross a sun-streamed path;

By log-built cottages, whose childish forms
Rushed out to gaze, as ruddy as the dawn;
Twixt roadsides rich with scent of winter-green,
And meadows whose soft, mossy depths were filled
With dusky berries when fierce August suns
Glowed down upon the leagues of waving brakes;

Passing deserted cabins, overgrown;
Startling many a furry, skipping form
And dark-winged creature from sequestered perch,
Beyond the last, the road by which we came
Showed but a brief way; and the Day smiled down
A perfect welcome to its Eden fair.

Cloud-mists of Earth's aroma vanished swift;
Only a web, seamlessed, swathed the hills,
And dropped its thicker folds within their curves.
From hight to hight, we for a moment viewed
Each spire, each crest, each glistening river-link,
And ev'ry tone of earth, and leaf, and sky,

Together as a grandly molded whole;
Then, with a fadeless impress which one hand
Alone may e'er erase, the scene we lost;
And from this valley of fair valleys, or
The plain, through the pine forests, rode away.
—C. A. Allen.

ALTERNATIVES.

A Love Story Prettily Told.

"Are there no underwriters for human hopes? for the most precious of interests is there no insurance?"

I had been tempted all day, tempted by fate and the devil. All summer long I had been trying to clasp hands for a life journey with a man I did not love; a man noble of soul and born to the purple, who sat up high lineage against my poor gifts of beauty and song. He threw some love into the scales, too, but I, God help me, had none to give in return. I had bartered erewhile my whole possessions for a few glances of a dark, dark eye, and my note had gone to protest.

Could I, could I? It kept following me about with fateful persistency, for tonight I was to give my answer to my high born lover.

I tried to look things in the face, to count the cost.

Money was a good thing; it insured one warmth in winter and delicious coolness in summer, and prettiness and daintiness, and the entrance into good society. Yes, money was a good thing, and position and power, and houses and lands. So far good; but my soul hungered and thirsted for a love commensurate with my own, which this man, who offered me purple and gold, had it not in his power to give, or, let me qualify that, had it not in his nature to give.

The stars came out golden and soft, and the fragrant summer dusk crept around me where I sat inhaling the scent of the roses. Ambition and love tore my heart by turn, and weariness, too, put in a poor pitiful plea, for I was so tired, so tired.

It was a brilliant future that Reginald Dacre offered me, wherein toil and weariness could never come. I thought of the purple and fine linen; the luxurious rest; the emoluments! Then my daily life passed in review before me—that of companion to a haughty, fine lady, and a singer in a fashionable church, among fashionable saints and sinners. I began to croon over the old satire:

In a church which is garnished with mullion and gable,
With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and grotn,
The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odor of sanctity's eau de cologne.
But surely if Lucifer, flying from Hades,
Could gaze at this crowd, with its panniers and paints,
He would say, looking round at the lords and the ladies,
O where is All Sinners if this is All Saints?

I had entered upon this life from an unloved and unloving home, a home doled out to me by the tardy justice of a granduncle who had robbed me of my inheritance. I thought at first I might find the sangreal somewhere in this new country, which seemed so fair, but alas! I had not even heard the swish of wings.

I thought of it all—the fever and the fret; the petty jars; the misunderstandings; the pain of incomprehension; the unguerdoned toil; the lagging hours; the awful pauses.

This or marriage; this or marriage. It seemed written like a placard on earth and sky. I seemed bound like phylactery upon the brows of the people as they passed to and fro; and soon the word marriage lost all its significance for me, as words do after oft repeating. Did it mean misery or happiness, bliss or wo? This marriage that rung its changes through my brain—was it God-appointed? Did it mean God's blessing or His curse?

You know I did not love this man who offered me rest from my labors. He had not power to evoke one thrill at his call. But then love is only one reason why one should marry a man. There might be love and plenty of money, and yet one go hungry all one's life. I have known such things.

I had tried to make my life straight and fair. I had tried to keep clean hands and a pure heart; tried—God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows this—to fight despair.

Long, green days,
Worn bare of grass and sunshine; long calm nights
From which the silken sleeps were fretted out—
Be witness for me.

We see through shadows all our life long. We come into this world without our being given a choice as to our advent, and go out of it in the same manner.

We have not been consulted as to birth or death. More and more the prayer of Epictetus haunts me. "Lead me, Zeus and Destiny, whithersoever I am appointed to go; I will follow without wavering; even though I turn coward and shrink, I shall have to follow all the same."

Should I marry Mr. Dacre? Was he a good part? as the world said. Too good for me, as my lady elegantly phrased it.

I had been born into the world amid fierce throes of mental anguish. Through the pain of her travail my mother's heart was rent with the greater pain of my father's sudden death—drowned off the Cornish coast, for I was born at sea. She lived until I was 10 years old, a life of sorrow, and poverty, and renunciation. Then she died, leaving me to the care of a compassionate world and my uncle. Of him I have already spoken.

My life dragged on with clogged wheels. I was always at war with my surroundings. Though too proud to express it, I had never realized my ideal of womanhood, or in any way grown up to my aspirations and dreams. If I had grown at all it had been through pain and repression—a fatal thing always for a warm-hearted, earnest woman.

My uncle, Edward Earl, had procured me the friendship (?) of the lady in whose house I had passed a twelvemonth—Mrs. Lucien Granger, a distant cousin of his own. I was an unsalaried governess or companion, our remote cousinship being always made available by my uncle. It was during my residence with that lady that my fate came to me. A young nephew of Mrs. Granger's came to the hall. He was an artist, young and handsome, and fresh from a four years' sojourn in Rome.

I need not weary you with the prologue or the epilogue of our love, for words are so poor to express the heart's utterance. O golden days! O tender, passionate nights! O princely heart; come back to me!

Alan Leighton was the last son of a highborn family, and because of the blue blood—the united blood of all the Howards—flowing in his veins, Mrs. Granger interposed her fist against our love, dreading, doubtless, the plebeian admixture of mine.

It is a pity that blood does not always tell. It was an inglorious triumph to me—yet still a triumph—to bare my white arms to the shoulder during our gala nights—to which my voice was always invited—contrasting their satiny smoothness and perfect contour with the lean, brown appendages Mrs. Granger folded over her aristocratic heart.

But a cloud crept into the sky, and its shadow fell across our path.

Alan was called suddenly by telegram to England, where his grand old father lay dying. We had but a moment for our farewells, for Alan's heart was rent with sorrow, and I helped to expedite his departure.

But one letter ever reached me. His father was dead, and he was Sir Alan now.

MY PRECIOUS HELEN: My father, whom I loved and respected above all men, died yesterday. I need not tell you how desolate we feel, and how the light seems to have died out of every nook and corner. My dear mother is prostrated with the blow which has taken away the lover of her youth, and I shall not be able to return to you for some weeks. Announce our betrothal, dearest, to my aunt and uncle, which, you know, was my intention the very night I was called away. Be true to me, my darling Helen, as I shall be true to you. Good-night, dear love. I shall write at length so soon as the mother and I have matured our plans for her lonely future. Good-night, good-night. May angels guard you, and may the good Father told about you His everlasting arms. Your friend and lover,
ALAN LEIGHTON.

Two years had dragged their slow lengths along since that letter came, and I had never heard from Alan, though craving his presence as the prisoner craves the sunshine. I had written him once, and I had regretted even that. "He was soon to be wedded to an Earl's handsome daughter," Mrs. Granger read aloud from an open letter in her hand; "in fact, it was an old affair, prior to his visit to the hall," etc., etc.

How I regretted I had written, though the words had been few, merely asking if he had been enabled to procure me a certain book we had made mention of together, and the time was more than a year ago when I had the right thus to address him. And now! O pitiful Christ! another woman was to be his wife, and I must never think of the old days, or the old dreams, or look into his dark eyes, or feel his kisses upon my unkissed lips! Never! and I might live fifty years.

And O the pity of it, out of all this world's million possibilities I had only the chance of two—either to wed Reginald Dacre, a man old enough to be my father, or to be a companion to some haughty woman. I had decided upon accepting Mr. Dacre. The tiny note of barely two lines I had placed between the leaves of a book it was his nightly custom to read.

But Alan! but Alan! I had thought him so true, so noble. I had called him "my prince," "my king," alone in the warm dusk under the stars.

"I will not soil thy purple with my dust," I had whispered in my heart. "Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice glass." . . . I went down to the sea to listen to its sullen roar; hear it tell its tale of human misery; of fair faces dead under its waves; of gold and jewels lying on green beds of moss; of argosies gone down, the wail of human misery their requiem. I tried to remember all this, so that mine might not seem such a great thing amid a world of sobbing and tears. It was a good thing to think of the sufferings of others, and try to ignore your own; a good thing. But, my misery! the misery of the girl called Helen Preston!

This girl was somewhat of a genius, the people said. She possessed the gift of song and she was handsome, too, men said. And she had two chances in the world, and if she had possessed money enough to have utilized her gift of song she might have had three.

But she had smirched her soul, for all her beauty and gifts; had been false to herself, to God and humanity; false, too, to Reginald Dacre, for she kept her love for Alan locked in her heart.

"I have sold my soul for houses and lands," she said, "and I am wretched, Mea culpa! Mea culpa!"

"I have sold myself with open eyes," she said, "knowingly, with malice prepense. I have no one to blame. That Alan forgot his vows did not make it right that I should forswear myself."

But the sea, with its fuss and fret, made my heart ache, and the turbulent water seemed wooing me thitherward. The chimes of our quaint old church, playing an old song, caused a choke in my throat. I would go and invoke grand airs from the organ, and mayhap I should forget the sea's roar.

It was my wont to go there to practice, and I knew the service would not be held for a half hour. The lights were turned down to a semi-darkness, and the old sexton, with whom I was a favorite, had left the key in the door for me. The moon shone across the organ keys and across my face; and the trailing folds of my white dress looked almost ghastly in its light. O quaint old church! O quaint old chimes! Too soon I would be far away from you, over the sea to my suitor's lordly home, carrying with me a heavier heart than my years should warrant.

But it was too late to look back; and the fault was mine. I had ruined my own life, and must pay the price. Because I had been forbidden the desire of mine eyes, I had sealed my fate. I had bound my hands, and had intoned Peebe Cary's wailing words:

I have turned from the good gifts Thy bounty supplied me,
Because of the one which Thy wisdom denied me;
I have bandaged mine eyes—yea, mine own hands have bound me;
I have made me a darkness when light was around me.
Now I cry by the wayside, O Lord, that I might receive back my sight.

"Peccavi," I cried, and my head sank upon the organ and tears stained the red roses at my throat.

"Helen!" and my head was lifted gently and Alan Leighton's tender eyes met mine. "Alan!" was all my astonishment could utter.

"My girl, you have suffered," he ejaculated, in a tone of exquisite tenderness. "Helen, my first and only love, how we have been wronged. I only learned, an hour before I embarked, that you were not the false woman you had been painted to me. Mrs. Granger wrote me eighteen months ago that you had 'married Mr. Dacre, and left with him for Cuba.' A subsequent letter, without date or signature, inclosing the tiny pearl pin I had given you, left me no room for doubt. I left England forever and have been on the wing ever since, finding no rest for my heart on sea or shore. Helen, I suffered as few men suffer because of losing you, and because of your apparent falseness. But I could not waste my whole life because of a woman's untruth, so I tied up the broken threads and tried not to look back. It was by chance I met Herman Sloan, and in the midst of mutual confidences he asked me why I had never returned to America and to the beautiful Helen Preston, who had declined all suitors, and was still unwed. Helen, I embarked that afternoon, and I am here, never to be parted from my darling, When will we be married, sweet?"

"Married! Alan," and the dreary present recurring to me, I withdrew myself from his arms, and almost unconsciously my lips framed the words.

I had died for this last year to know
You had loved me. Who shall turn on fate?
I care not if love come or go
Now; though your love seek mine for mate?
It is too late.

"Too late! Helen, my only love, explain your meaning for God's sake."

Then came a broken, disjointed tale of my sorrow and temptation when I heard of his handsome and high-born bride; of my weariness of the hall; of Mrs. Granger; of myself, of Mr. Dacre's constant wooing, and at last of the little note only this night thrust between the leaves of his book, making Alan's coming forever too late for my happiness.

Rapid hoof-beats along the road, and my courtly lover came in sight.

"Saved! Alan," and my words came thick and fast

"Engage him in conversation, Alan, regarding the hall, Mrs. Granger, the weather, stocks, etc., etc. I will escape by the vestry door, fly to the hall! secure the note! and then, O, Alan! !"

"My darling, my bright darling!" but I broke from his clasp and sped away like a chamois to the hall. I did not heed that the roses fell from my throat, that a portion of my lace flounce graced a thornbush, or that my hair, unloosed from its fastenings, hung about my shoulders. I think if I had possessed a piece of paper I should have held it aloft, and should have shouted a reprieve! a reprieve!

Shall I try to tell of how I secured the note and hid it in my bosom, of how I ran up-stairs and peeped for one moment into the mirror, twisting up my shining hair, and trying to hush the loud beatings of my heart, of how I rapidly traversed the path leading to the church, dodging behind an osage hedge to escape meeting Mr. Dacre, hurrying on as soon as I was free, to be folded close to Alan's heart?

"And you will not laugh at me, Alan?"

"Laugh at you, my darling, and wherefore?"

"Oh, for my mad flight, for the red roses scattered all along the road; for my unbounded joy at your return; for proposing to run and steal the note, and, and—things."

For answer came tender kisses pressed upon brow and lips, and closed eyes, and Mr. Lord Lovel (Mr. Dacre) rode forth from the castle gates alone.

"Jack."

A year or more ago, as the foreman of one of the iron works of this city was crossing the yard one day he espied a little skip of a boy, seemingly not over 11 years old, seated on a big fly-wheel and chewing the end of bitter reflection.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Jack."

"What are you doing here?"

"Resting."

"What do you want?"

"A job."

Those were the inquiries and answers. The boy was pale-faced and ragged, but in his steel-blue eyes the foreman saw game. And, too, the idea of a waif like him setting out to battle the world touched a tender chord in the heart of the man who had boys of his own, and he set Jack at work in the yard.

No one thought the boy would stay a week, and so no one cared to ask where he came from or who he was. But he stuck. He was hard-working and faithful, and as the weeks went by he gained friends. One day he walked up to the foreman and said:

"I want to learn the trade."

"You? Ha! ha! ha! Why, Jack, you are not big enough to handle a cold chisel."

"I can whip any 'prentice boy in the shop!', was the earnest declaration.

"Just hear him! Why any of the lot could turn you wrong side out! When you get big enough to whip the smallest one you come to me for a job."

At noon that day Jack walked up to the biggest apprentice boy in the shop and said:

"Come out doors."

"What do you want?"

"I'm going to lick you!"

"What for?"

"Because I want a chance to learn the trade."

The two went out, and in sight of twenty witnesses little Jack won a victory. At 1 o'clock he touched his cap to the foreman and said:

"I've licked your biggest 'prentice and want to go to work!"

Ten minutes later he had become a machinist's apprentice, and if you go in there to-day you will find him with greasy hands, oily face and a head full of business ideas. Jack carries the keys to the drawers where the steam-guages, safety-valves and other trimmings are kept, and he knows the use of every tool, the working of every piece of machinery, and there is a constant call for Jack here and Jack there. Before he is 20 he will be a finished machinist, and before he is 25 he will be foreman of some great shop. He is quiet, earnest, respectful and observing. What he does is well done. What he is told he never forgets.

And here in Detroit are hundreds of boys who complain that there is no chance for them, even when backed by money and influence. They wait and wait and whine and complain, and leave it to waifs like little Jack to call up the game in their souls and walk boldly into a great manufacturing works and say:

"I'm here—I want a job!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The American and Chinese *News* says that China now possesses a greater body of literature than Europe can show. It is now known by all intelligent people that the empire contains a large and wealthy middle class; that a Chinaman who can neither read nor write is a rarity; that the rights of property are everywhere respected; that education is universal, and ignorance reputed a crime; and that, as a Chinese mandarin told the people of Philadelphia some few years past, in excellent English: "If, after a rule of three years, the head of the city in China does not improve his people in morality and intelligence, he can not be promoted; and if a school teacher, during the same period, make a similar failure with his pupils, he loses his position."

In the waters of the Northern Pacific swims what might be called "the olive of the sea." It is the fattest of all fishes, and from it the oil actually drips—an oleaginous fluid as sweet and limpid as that of the olive. Some day this fish—which is nothing else than the rice or reed bird fish—will be caught and squeezed till the oil is all out of him. The oil will be sent to Italy, and shipped back in bottles as the best olive oil for salad dressing.

Synopsis of the Play.

Two small boys were looking at the large black and red posters on the boards in front of a Bowery variety theatre. The larger of the boys wore a man's overcoat, the sleeves of which had been shortened by rolling them up till his red and grimy hands protruded. The big coat was open in front, revealing a considerable expanse of cotton shirt. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets. The visor of his heavy wool cap had come loose, except at the ends, and it rested on his nose. His smaller companion wore a jacket and trousers that were much too small even for him. His hat was of black felt and of the shape of a sugar loaf. His eyes were round with wonder at the story his friend in the big overcoat was telling him. It seemed to be a synopsis of the play, scenes in which were pictured on the boards.

"This duffer," said the boy, taking one hand from his pocket and pointing to the picture of a genteel man with a heavy black moustache, "is the vill'n. It begins wid him comin' on the stage, and sayin':

"'Wat, ho! Not here yet?"

"'Then an Eyetalian covey wid big whiskers—he's the vill'n's pal—comes on, an' the vill'n tells him that the girl mus' be did away wid, so he can git the boodle.

"'How mucha you give-a?' says the Eyetalian.

"'Five tousand dollars,' says the vill'n, an' they makes the bargin. The Eyetalian is goin' to make b'lieve that the girl is hisn, git her away f'm her friends and kill her. While they is makin' the bargain a Dutchman comes out, an' says he:

"'Maybe yer don't was tink I hat heard sometings, don't it? I vill safe dot girl!'

"'The next scene is in a big, fine house. An old woman all dressed up swell is tellin' a young prig that the girl is heir to fifty thousand dollars, an' dey don't know who her fader and mudder was. She was picked up on the steps when she was a kid. The young feller tells his mudder that he don't care who her folks was, an' that he'll marry her anyway, even if she is blind. The ole woman goes out, and a be-youtiful girl comes in, pawin' the air 'cause she's blind an' can't see, an' says she to the young chap:

"'It can't never be!'

"The feller he don't b'lieve her, an' tells her she's givin' him guff. After a lot of coaxin' she owns up that she is, an' he spreads out his fins and hollers:

"'Then you do love me, Marie!' an' she tumbles.

"Then the old man wid a white wig comes in—he's the doctor—an' he looks at the girl's eyes an' says that he can cure 'em, but it may kill her. He takes out two bottles and says:

"'In this is sump'n that'll put yer into a sleep like death, will yer risk it?'

"'Be this' me answer,' says the girl, an' she swallers the bottle, an' tips over on the lounge.

"Jest before the doctor is goin' to fix her eyes the Eyetalian jumps in an' says:

"'Where is mia poor childa? an' he won't let the doctor do anythin.' There is a big row, an' the Dutchman comes in an' says:

"'She don't vas his child.'

"But the Eyetalian lugs her off, an' the vill'n—he turns out to be her cousin—gets all the money.

"The next scene is in the street. The Eyetalian an' the be-youtiful young girl all dressed in rags comes along, an' says she:

"'I'm so-o-o tired.'

"'How mucha money you gota?' says the Eyetalian, an' she says she hain't got no money. Then he goes to kill her, an' the Dutchman hops out and yells:

"'You macaroni son of a gun!' an' the Eyetalian lights out.

"The Dutchman he takes the girl into his house an' comes out in the street. The girl's feller comes along, an' while they is talkin' the Eyetalian comes back an' sneaks in an' steals the girl away. But the Dutchman's dog follers him and shows the way to the cop and the Dutchman when they finds out that she's gone. They find her in a dive where lots of Eyetalians is playin' whisky poker for the drinks. There's a big row agin, an' the girl is took out an' carried to her home. In the row the Eyetalian gits all chawed up by the Dutchman's dog, the cop lugs him off, an' he's sent up for ten yehrs.

"In the last act the girl's eyes has been fixed, an' she's sittin' on the piazzer. The papers has been found, an' the vill'n has hollered, 'I'm lo-lost, 'I'm lo-lost!' The girl is sayin' how glad she'll be to see her feller an' look into his eyes, when the Eyetalian, who has cracked the jug, comes cre-e-e pin' along in striped togs, an' says he to hisself:

"'I will now have mia r-r-revenge!'

"The lights is turned down, an' the big fiddler goes zub-zub, zub-zub.

"Then the Eyetalian creeps up an' grabs the be-youtiful young girl an' holders, 'I will killa you!' an' pulls a big knife out of his breeches pocket. The young girl yells, an' jest as he's goin' to jab her wid the knife, they all rushes in, an' the darkey pulls out a pop an' lets the Eyetalian have it in the ribs, an' the Eyetalian tumbles down an' squirms, an' the be-youtiful young girl faints away in her feller's arms, an' down goes the curtain."—*New York Sun.*

Most Profitable Vegetable Crop.

Which is the most profitable crop to grow? is a question often asked. The answer depends on circumstances and soil; climate, capital and labor all must be considered before deciding. One thing we wish to impress on farmers is the mistake they make in discarding certain vegetables because they are troublesome to grow. We must not forget that the easier a crop can be produced the cheaper it sells, and the higher the price the greater the profit, even when labor is increased. For instance, if a crop be easily produced on an acre at a cost of $10 which sells for $20 there would be a clear profit of $10 for the acre. For two acres the outlay would be $20 and the profit $20. But if we place the $20 worth of labor on one acre and derive $20 of profit, the receipts and expenses of the easy and more laborious crops would be the same, but one-half the land will be saved by the growing of a crop that requires double labor. If a bushel of corn sells for $1, and the farmer labors to the value of 75 cents to produce it, he is really selling his labor and not the corn, for the actual substance taken from the soil by the corn is but a fraction of its value. In our large markets these vegetables that require care and nice management and much labor to produce them bring high prices, the rates being high because farmers will not grow them until they feel sure of not only being reimbursed for the outlay, but a profit must also be the result. On small farms, where the owner wants more land because he is idle a part of the time, those crops should be grown that call for all his labor, as the sales in market will return good wages for the work. Selling labor on the farm that would otherwise be wasted is as important as cultivating, feeding or any other part of the management.—*Farmers' Magazine.*

One of the most heartily applauded actors in a modern society drama is a cat, which comes on the stage, stretches herself, washes her feet, lies down before the fire, and placidly laps the saucer of milk which is set before her. She has been shut up all day in a box too small for her, and too cold to be comfortable, and has had no food meanwhile.

ON A PULLMAN SLEEPER.

The Man with the Nightmare—Bridal Couples—The Man who Snores.

A Philadelphia *Press* reporter stumbled across a very bright, intelligent porter on a sleeping car on the Washington express a few nights ago. He was sitting in the forward end of his car surrounded by a pile of boots and shoes, which he had just begun to blacken. All the passengers had gone to bed and the porter had made his rounds and gathered up all the shoes he could find, marking in lead pencil in each shoe the number of the owner's birth and section. Lead pencil, he said, would not rub out. Formerly he used chalk, but found that it rubbed off easily and sometimes he found himself all mixed up. He was a genuine specimen of the Southern darky, and was rubbing away vigorously when the reporter said:

"You've got a big job before you."

"Yes, sah," said the ebony porter, as he showed his white teeth, "but dat ain't all de shoes in dis hyar kyar; dere is free pair ob shoes a missin', but I reckons I knows whar dey is," and the frowns over the porter's nose grew deeper and he frowned a very knowing frown. "In de fust place de owners ob de missin' shoes am Yanks, and dey hid dere shoes so dat de porter couldn't blacken 'em, and den dey wouldn't hab to pay nuffin in de mornin'."

"Why do you say the owners are Yankees," asked the reporter.

"Bekase, sah, no Soth'en gemmen wud hide his shoes. Dey ain't so mean, but de people what belongs to Yankee land dey does hit